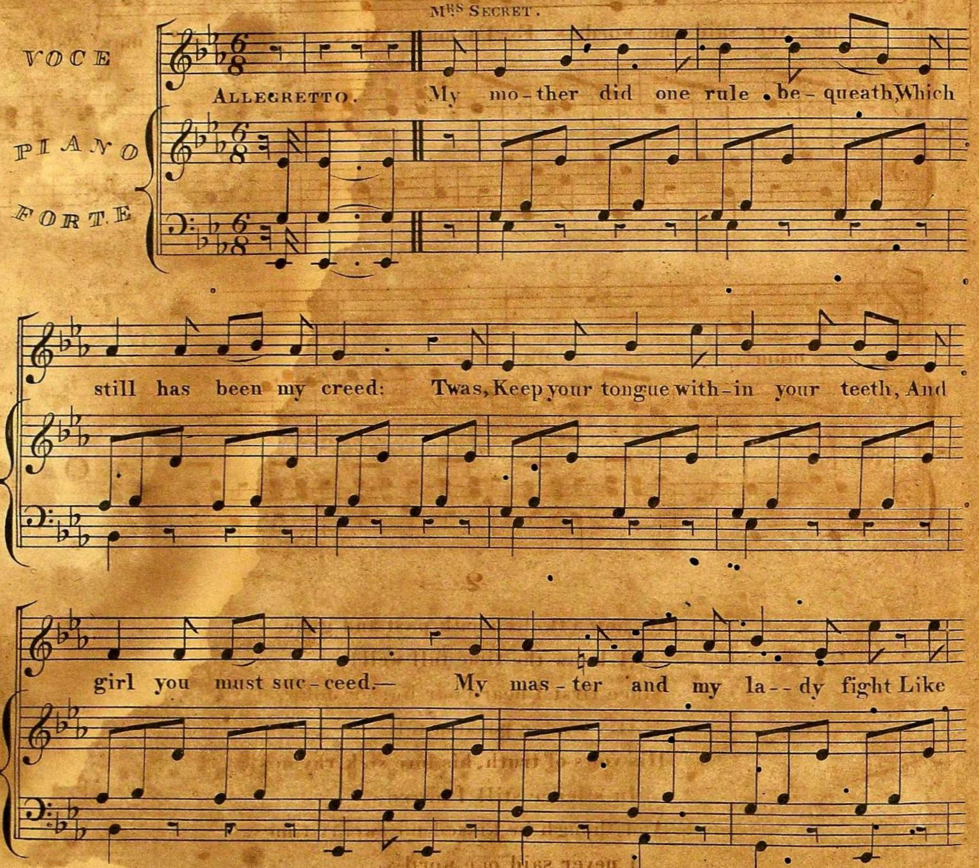
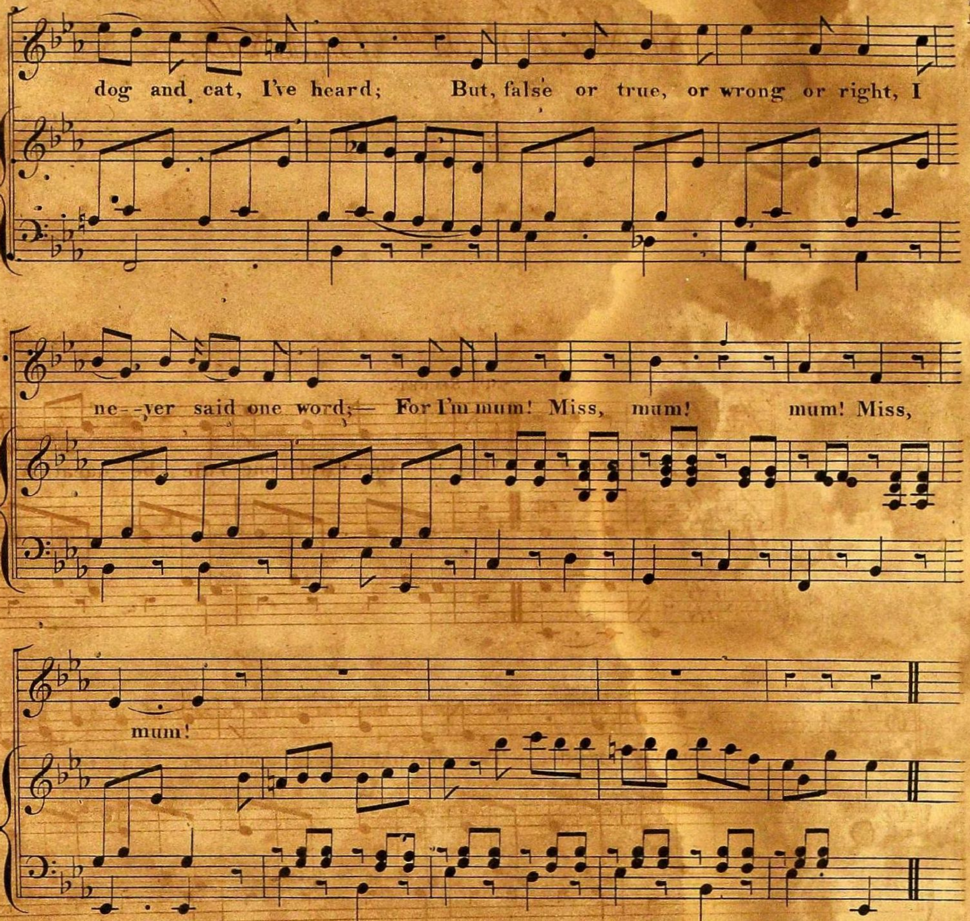
My Mother did one rule bequeath,

SUNG BY Mrs BLAND.





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Its, now a twelvemonth past and gone,
(I know the time full well)
Since first I heard our butler, John,
His tender passion tell.
His vows of truth, his love-sick rhymes,
In silence still I heard;
And, though he kissed me twenty times,
I never said one word:
For I'm mum! Miss, mum!